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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1894.

[No. 7.]

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

AND it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colours that was on him,

and they took him, and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

Come, let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content.

Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver, and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?

And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood;



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

And they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, This have we found. Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.

And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat, an evil beast hath devoured him, Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.

And Jacob rent his clothes, and put

any fruit. That is how it is, my boy."

"I see," said Charlie. "Then you think when I promise to be a better boy I am only in blossom? But I'll show you, grandpa, that the frost can't nip my blossoms; I'm going to bear fruit."

"I hope you will," said grandpa, delighted with his answer.

sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.

And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

A BOY IN BLOSSOM

"O GRANDPA," said Charley, "what lots of apples there are going to be this year! See how white the trees are with blossoms."

"Yes," said grandpa "if the tree keeps its promises, there will be plenty of apples, but if it is like some little boys I know, there may not be any."

"What do you mean by keeping its promises?" asked Charley.

"Why," said grandpa, "blossoms are only the trees' promises, just as the promises little boys sometimes make are only the blossoms. Sometimes the frost nips these blossoms, both on the trees and in the boy, and they never bear

TWO NEW SCHOLARS

THEY'D never been to school before,
They'd no'er been near a schoolhouse door,
Those bashful little boys.
Mamma had taught them all they knew—
She was a lovely teacher, too,—
But now—just hear the noise!

Though to each other close they kept,
One bent his golden head and wept,
And the other, he wept, too.
Around each neck a dimpled arm,
As though to keep them safe from harm,
A sweet child gently threw.

"The corner seat's enough for three;
Come over there and sit with me,"
She sweetly said; and—my!
They like the school so well to-day,
I know if they were taken away
They'd both tune up and cry.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1894.

A MATCH-BOY BECOMES A MISSIONARY.

A POOR little boy stood, some time ago, at the corner of one of the busy streets in Glasgow, selling matches. As he stood there, a gentleman approached him and asked him the way to a certain street. The way to that particular street was very tortuous, but the little fellow directed him very minutely. When he had finished his directions, the gentleman said, "Now, if you tell me the way to heaven as directly, I'll give you a sixpence."

The boy considered for a moment, then, suddenly remembering a text he had learned at Sunday-school, he replied, "Christ is the way, the truth, and the life, sir." The gentleman at once handed him the promised sixpence, and left him visibly affected. The child thought this an easy way to make money, and, going along the street, he met an old companion of his father's, whom he stopped and to whom he said, "If you give me sixpence I'll show you the way to heaven."

The man was surprised, but from curiosity, he handed the boy sixpence, and was told "Christ is the way, the truth, and the life."

"Ah!" said the man, "I have been looking for the way in the saloon these many years, but I believe you are right. It was my mother's way."

Going on his way, the boy told the same message to others. In after years it was his privilege to tell it to the heathen, for the little fellow saved a little child from being run over one day, and from gratitude, he was educated by the child's father, and to-day he is a foreign missionary, showing to others the way to heaven.

TRUSTY GRETCHEN.

GRETCHEN'S black eyes danced when her mother tied on her hat and put a basket in her hand, and said, "Now, Gretchen, the father is the other side of the big wood. The path is straight, and you won't get lost unless you are careless. I think I can trust you, so you may take father his dinner. Remember not to stop by the way."

Gretchen gave her mother a kiss and started off bravely. But the wild flowers grew in the woods, and Gretchen loved them dearly. The squirrels lived there too, and it was such fun to watch them. So the little maiden found it hard to "remember not to stop by the way." "I think I can trust you," kept saying itself over in her mind every time Gretchen came near stopping, and then on she went again.

So just when father kept looking for her, Gretchen appeared at the gate, calling loudly to be let in.

It was harder going home, there were such hosts of flowers nodding their pretty heads at her, and every squirrel seemed to be out. But Gretchen did not stop, and when she reached home, mother said, "I thought I could trust you, dear."—*Sunlight.*

SILENT LIES.

THERE were prizes to be given in Willie's school, and he was very anxious to merit one of them. As Willie was young, and had never had much chance to learn, he was behind the other boys in all his studies except writing. As he had no hope to excel in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the special prize for that, with all his might. And he did try, so that his copy-book would have done honour to a boy twice his age.

When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said, "It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, but for one copy in Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's, but to every other copy in the same book. This copy, therefore, gains the prize." Willie's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmixed with fear. Blushing to his temples he said, "Please, sir, may I see that copy?" "Certainly," replied the

chairman, looking somewhat surprised Willie glanced at the copy, and then handing the book back, said, "Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book by mistake one day instead of his own." "Oh, oh!" said the chairman, "that may alter the case."

The two books went back to the committee, who after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Charlie. The boys laughed at Willie. One said he was silly to say anything about the mistake "I wouldn't have told," said another "Nor I," added a third boy, laughing, "the copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it." But in spite of all their quizzing, Willie felt he was right. "It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told who wrote the copy. I would rather hold fast the truth than have a prize, for truth is better than gold." "Hurrah for Willie!" "Three cheers for Willie!" "Well done, Willie!" shouted all the boys; and Willie went home to his work happier than he could have done, if by means of a silent lie he had won the prize.

AN INWARD VOICE.

"Do away, Dod; do away! Don't bodder me now," a small boy was overheard saying, as he besieged an apple tree. And then he threw another stick. That one failed to bring down an apple. As he raised his hand and took aim again, he said: "Do away, I say! Tan't 'oo wait a minute?"

His mother called him to her and said: "Baby, to whom were you talking?"

"Dod," he replied in the most matter-of-fact tone.

"God?" said the shocked mother. "Why, my child, where was he?"

"He was whisp'rin' to me."

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'Baby, baby, don't frow stones; 'oo will hit the poor 'ittle birdies'."

The mother had nothing to say; faith and conscience were taking care of the little soul and teaching their lessons better than it was possible for her to do.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

GOD'S CHILDREN.

ONE day Nellie said, "I wish I was Mrs. Brown's little daughter. Mrs. Brown is rich, and her children can have everything they want." Nellie's mother was poor and sewed hard every day to make a living for herself and her children. Cousin Jane heard Nellie when she spoke. "Why, Nellie," said Cousin Jane, "don't you remember that our lesson says we are God's children. And God is far richer than Mrs. Brown. All the world and all heaven are his. And if we love him he will after a while give us a beautiful home in heaven." "I did not think of that," said Nellie; "and then my dear mamma loves me so much, and is so kind, that I will never wish again I was somebody else's daughter."

MY JESUS.

My Jesus is my Shepherd,
I am his little lamb;
He leads my feet in pastures sweet,
How safe and blessed I am!

My Jesus is my Saviour.
He died on Calvary,
To save my soul, and make me whole,
From sin to set me free

My Jesus is my Teacher.
How little do I know;
He guides my youth in ways of truth,
In knowledge makes me grow.

My Jesus is my Leader.
He bids me take his hand;
And he alone will bear me on
Up to the better land.

My Jesus spent his life
In kind and loving deeds,
May I fulfil his blessed will
And follow where he leads.

My Jesus is in heaven
To intercede for me;
His prayer of love poured out above,
I know will answered be.

My Jesus soon will come
To take me up on high;
Oh may I be prepared to see
My Jesus when I die.

JENNIE'S INVESTMENT.

ONE day a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a bookstore in Annasbury, and said to a man serving at the counter: "Please, sir, I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come to me' in it; and how much is it, sir? I am in a great hurry."

The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles.

"And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry; I want it so much." And the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be very sad without the book? And why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see I went to school one Sunday when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and the teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words; and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl like me, only Mrs. West, who says I'd better be dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?"

"My cough is getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about him before I die; 'twould be so strange to see him and not know him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved running messages to buy the book with; so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The bookseller wiped his eyes very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off the shelf, he said: "I'll find it

words you want, my little girl: come and listen."

Then he read the words of the loving Saviour recorded in Luke 18. 16—get your Bible and find the place—and told how this Good Shepherd had got a home all light and rest and love, prepared for those who love and serve him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half breathless exclamation of the little listener. "And he says 'Come.' I'll go to him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper, turning away his head. "You shall keep the six cents and come here every day, while I read you some more from this book."

Thanking him, the child hurried away. Many days passed but she never came again. One day a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop and said:

"Jennie's dead. She died rambling about the great Shepherd, and she said you was to have the six cents for the mission-box at school. Here it is;" and she ran out of the shop.

The cents went into the box, and when the story of Jennie was told, so many followed her example with their cents, that at the end of the year "Jennie's cents," as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send a missionary to China.

"DIDN'T I, DAN?"

"JIMMY, have you watered my horse this morning?"

"Yes, uncle, I watered him; didn't I Dan?" he added, turning to his younger brother.

"Of course you did," responded Dan.

The gentleman looked at the boys a moment, wondering a little at Jimmy's words; then he rode away.

This was Mr. Harley's first visit with his nephews, and thus far he had been pleased with their bright, intelligent faces and kind behaviour. Still, there was something in Jimmy's appeal to his brother that impressed him unfavourably, he could hardly tell why; but the cloud of disfavour had vanished from his mind when, two hours later, he turned his horse's head homeward. Just in the bend of the road he met his nephews, Jimmy bearing a gun over his shoulder.

"Did your father give you permission to carry that gun?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy: "didn't he, Dan?"

"Of course he did," said Dan.

"And of course I believe you, Jimmy, without your brother's word for it," said Mr. Harley.

Jimmy's face flushed, and his bright eye fell below his uncle's gaze. Mr. Harley noticed his nephew's confusion, and rode on without further comment.

"This map is finely executed; did you draw it, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Harley that afternoon, while looking over a book of drawings.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a look

of conscious pride, then, turning to his brother, he added, "Didn't I, Dan?"

Mr. Harley closed the book, and laid it on the table.

"Jimmy," he began, "what does this mean? To every question I have asked you to-day, you have appealed to Dan to confirm your reply. Cannot your own word be trusted?"

Jimmy's face turned scarlet, and he looked as if he would like to vanish from his uncle's sight.

"Not always," he murmured, looking straight down at his boots.

"My dear boy, I was afraid of this," said Mr. Harley, kindly. "The boy who always speaks the truth has no need to seek confirmation from another. Do you mean to go through life always having to say: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

After a pause: "No, uncle, I am going to try to speak the truth, so that the people will believe me as well as Dan," said Jimmy, impulsively.

Mr. Harley spent the holiday season with his nephews, and before he left, he had the pleasure of hearing people say: "What's come over Jimmy Page? He never says now: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

Mr. Harley thought it was because Jimmy was gaining confidence in himself by always speaking the truth. We think so too.

WHAT NORMAN WROTE.

"WHAT shall I write in my new blank book?" said Norman to himself.

He could not write very well, but he did the best he could. This is what he wrote:

"A Good Boy."

He took it and showed it to his mother.

"That looks very well," she said, "that is a good thing to write. I hope you will write it in your big book."

"Why, mother," said Norman, "I haven't any big book."

"Yes, you have, son, a big book with a great many pages. Each day you have a fresh page. The name of this big book is Life."

"How can I write it on that book, mother?" asked the boy.

Can you guess what Norman's mother said?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

APRIL 15.

LESSON TOPIC.—Joseph Sold Into Egypt.—Gen. 37. 23-36.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 37. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good—Gen. 50. 20.

APRIL 22.

LESSON TOPIC.—Joseph Ruler in Egypt.—Gen. 41. 38-48.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 41. 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Them that honour me I will honour.—1 Sam. 2. 30.



SEEK IF THIS BE THY SON'S COAT

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM

How peaceful at night
The sleeping children lie,
Each gentle breath so light,
Escaping like a sigh!

How tranquil seems the room, how fair,
To one who softly enters there!

Whose hands are these, unseen,
That soothe each little bed?
Whose locks are those that lean
Over each pillowed head?
Whose lips caress the boys and girls?
Whose fingers stroke the golden curls?

Whose are these yearning eyes?
And whose this trembling tear?
Whose heart is this that cries,
Beseeching God to hear?
Whose but the mother's, in whose face
Love finds its sweetest dwelling place?

Here hopes in beauty bloom,
And heaven descends in light,
And lingers in the room
Where mother says "Good-night!"
Soft treading by the sleepers there,
Her very presence seems a prayer!

LITTLE MOTHER MAT.

THERE was trouble in the gardener's cottage on the great Elmwood place. The little, wee baby, who had not belonged to them for quite a year, was very, very sick. The old doctor drove over twice a day from the village three miles off, and the beautiful young ladies from the great house came and sat up at night, and poor Mother Dorsey didn't take her clothes off at all, day or night, nursing and watching dear little Jean.

As for Dimple, who wasn't much more than a baby herself, I don't know what would have become of her if Mat, the oldest sister, hadn't been such a little mother. Mat dressed Dimple in the morning and put her to bed at night, and in between times fed her, and took her off to the woods, and kept her away from the bees, and scolded her about biting the green apples.

Yes, Mat was a very good little mother; still, Dimple missed her "really" mother, and longed for Jean to get well.

"Mat," said Dimple, sitting close beside the older girl on the kitchen door-step, "fwat makes Dean sick?"

"Teeth," said Mat briefly.

Dimple put her finger into her own rosy mouth and felt her small, sharp grinders inquiringly.

"Fwat does teef do to her?" she asked again.

"Oh, they hurt her in trying to come out."

"Who makes 'em tum out?"

"God makes 'em," answered Mat, about at the end of her rops.

"Does Dod know how?" pursued the little questioner.

"Oh, yes," said Mat, rather shocked; "God knows everything."

"Does he know you is takin' tare of me?"

"Yes, of course, child."

"Then he m^o't tink 'at 'oo is a very nice 'ittle dirl," declared Dimple, nestling up closer to Mat; and the little mother had no answer ready for that speech but a hug and two kisses.

DOCTOR MARY.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

MARY'S mamma had gone out to make some calls, and had left her little girl to the care of Barbara, the hired girl. But it happened that Barbara was not so trusty as she might have been, and so, when a friend of hers dropped in to have a chat in the kitchen, Barbara left Mary alone and went down to her own quarters.

Mary was very lonely with only Fido and her dear dolly for company. She hugged Seraphina in her arms and patted Fido's shaggy head, at the same time saying, in a tone which showed she was almost ready to cry, "We think it's too bad, don't we, to leave little girls and little doggies all alone? Now what shall we do to have some fun, Fido?"

Fido barked a little shrill bark, as much as to say, "I'm sure I don't know!" while of course Seraphina didn't say one word.

But presently Mary spied the bottle of medicine which mamma had been giving her to cure the cold and sore throat which had troubled her for several days.

"Oh, I know what I'll do!" said she. "I'll play Seraphina is sick, and has to take nasty drops lil' I did. Now, my deary, you must have your face all tied up, same as I had when my throat was sore, and sit right up here in papa's chair like a lady. There, now! I shall give my little girl some medicine to make her well. Where is the spoon? Oh, here it is! I don't suppose mamma would let me if she were here. But she isn't, and Barby is n't, and—Oh, you keep still, Fido! You'll make me spill the drops."

Fido had come close up to her, and stood with his feet on the chair, watching his little mistress, and now and then giving short barks of disapproval which Mary would have done well to mind. As Mary tried to pour out the medicine she filled the spoon too full, and down ran the dark, thick stuff all over her pretty white dress, and even upon mamma's velvet chair. Then Mary began to cry and dropped the bottle, and oh, what a mess it made on the carpet!

Barby came running up, and mamma came in at the very same moment. Mrs. May reproved Barbara for leaving the little girl alone; but she had to reprove Mary, too, for she knew she ought not to have touched the medicine. So Mary's afternoon was quite spoiled.

BABY'S CLOCK.

BY MRS. LIVINGSTON.

NOBODY finks I can tell the time of day but I can. The first hour is five o'clock in the morning. That's the time the birds begin to peep. I lie still and hear them sing!

"Tweet, tweet, tweet!
Chee, chee, chee!"

But mamma is fast asleep. Nobody awake in all the world but just me and the birds.

Bimeby the sun gets up and it's six o'clock in the morning. Then mamma opens one eye and I hear her say:

"Where's my baby?"

N'en I keep still—just as still as a mouse an' she keeps saying:

"Where's my baby?"

N'en all at once I go "Boo!" and she laughs and hugs me, and says "I'm a precious."

Mamma's nice and I love her, 'cept when she washes my face too hard and pulls my hair with the comb.

Seven o'clock! That's when the bell goes, jingle, jingle, and we have breakfast.

All the eight an' nine an' ten an' eleven hours I play. I run after butterflies and squirrels, and swing, and read my picture book, and sometimes I cry—just a little bit.

Twelve o'clock. That's a bu'ful hour. The clock strikes a lot of times, and the big whistle goes, and the bell rings, and papa comes home, and dinner's ready.

The one and two hours are lost. Mamma always carries me off for a nap. I don't like naps. They waste time. When we wake up the clock strikes three. N'en I have on my pink dress, and we go walking or riding. And so the three and four and five hours are gone.

At six o'clock Bossy come home, and I have my drink of warm milk. N'en I put on my white gown, and kiss everybody "good-night," and says "Now I lay me," and get into my bed.

Mamma says:

"Now the sun and the birdies and my little baby are all gone to bed, and to sleep, sleep, sleep."

So I shut my eyes tight, and next you know it's morning. An' 'nate all the time there is.

NELLIE had been quiet for a good while. "What's the matter?" asked her mother. "I's unhappy." "Unhappy?" "Yes'm." "Why?" "I can't find of any question to ask."